

L24710 C. 14  
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in the night? had the massacre already commenced? After a moment of doubt - the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic struck during the night at the very moment that the wall had fallen by an extraordinary accident & left bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall as it fell only inspired them with fresh alarms: for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. The hand of God, which had sent the ocean & the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise.

This miraculous deliverance took place on the 3rd of October, 1574 - a day still commemorated by the citizens.

As <sup>a further</sup> ~~another~~ proof that God fought for the distressed city, the Dutch historians tell us, that the wind from the south-west, which had carried the water up to the walls, after three days, turned to the north-east, & so drove it back again.

To show his sense of the noble spirit the citizens had shown, the Prince of Orange gave them the choice of two privileges - either an exemption from certain taxes, or an university: they chose the latter, & their university had at one time so great a reputation for learning that

windows, & pushed out over the water of the  
 boundary drain, as if the inhabitants  
 must needs absorb all the vapour &  
 effluvia they can collect out of their detestable  
 by the water were running water - a rill, a  
 "babbling brook" - it would be another affair;  
 but, alas! it is stagnant, mantled over  
 with eternal green, & so dreary to gaze  
 upon as it is pestiferous to inhale. A  
 strange sight it is to see a Dutch family  
 sitting at tea at these open windows, in  
 a wet atmosphere, looking perfectly happy,  
 in their own way, while they are drinking  
 in death from the heavy evening air,  
 loaded with ague, cramps, & malaria:  
~~yet~~ there they sit & smoke, drink beer  
 & tea, through the spring & summer  
 afternoons; taking care, however, to escape  
 before the sun goes down.  
 These little pleasure-houses are so very  
 numerous as to form a characteristic  
 feature of the country. Each villa has  
 some motto inscribed over the gateway,  
 meant to bespeak content & comfort on  
 the part of the owner, as, 'Pleasure & ease',  
 'Not so bad', 'There is pleasure in gardening'.  
 Some of the larger gardens abound with  
 fruit & vegetables, & beds & borders of  
 flowering plants are laid out in every  
 picturesque shape. It must be confessed,  
~~however~~ that an air of comfort presides over  
 these villas. Most of the dwelling-houses are  
 fairly

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fairly painted in finely colours; all the officers  
& out-houses are kept in great order; while  
the verdant meadows are covered with the finest  
cattle, most speckled black & white.  
There is little doubt that the taste for cultivating  
flowers, especially bulbs, originated in  
Holland. The town of Haarlem is still  
famous for its hyacinths, tulips, & other  
flowers which grow in the utmost luxuriance  
& beauty in a sandy soil particularly  
congenial to them. The gardens of a great  
part of Europe are supplied from the  
nursery grounds of Haarlem.

~~But~~ The trade in tulips is not what it  
was in the days of the Tulipomania;  
& hundred florins is now a very large  
sum for a bulb: then, people were often  
willing to spend all they had on <sup>an</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>single</sup> root.  
~~At one time~~, we are told,  
there were but two roots of a kind of tulip  
called *Imper Augustus*, one at Amsterdam,  
the other at Haarlem; for one of these were  
offered 4000 florins, a new carriage & two  
grey horses! ~~It is almost impossible to~~  
~~credit such madness~~: the real truth  
of the story is, that these tulip roots were  
never bought or sold, but that they became  
the medium of a kind of gambling. The  
bulbs, ~~became~~ <sup>like the different</sup> stocks on  
our public funds, ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> were bought & sold  
at ~~different~~ <sup>varying</sup> prices from day to day, the  
innocent tulips all the while never ~~more~~  
appearing



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~~But~~ The very place which grew between the  
stones of the street had been eaten. Jamnis  
was slinking abroad; they could hold out  
no longer; the brave patriots determined  
to put their women & children in their  
midst, & cut their way through the  
enemy's camp. The Spaniards, ~~however~~,  
~~having heard of this~~ & fearing the effects of  
their despair, sent a flag of truce, & offered  
pardon & amnesty on condition of the  
surrender of the town and of fifty seven  
of the chief inhabitants. A hard condition,  
but fifty seven devoted citizens freely  
gave themselves up: ~~for their~~ the Spaniards  
entered, the townspeople <sup>laid down</sup> ~~gave up~~ their  
arms & trusted to the promise of their  
treacherous foes. Three days passed;  
suspicion was rilled; when the cruel  
Alva & his son, Ferdinand of Toledo,  
let loose their blood hounds on the  
unexpecting & unarmed citizens.  
The governors & the noble fifty seven  
were the first to fall: then, four executioners  
were kept at work until two thousand  
of the miserable citizens had been intemperately  
butchered in cold blood, hard work  
this for the executioners, who grew  
weary, & then, three hundred of the  
remaining victims, tied two & two,  
were thrown into the Lake of Haarlem.  
Small

rendered productive, a cow, a pig, the necessary clothes, provisions & agricultural implements; then he is compelled to work; those who do not know how are taught; the wages are, not money, but food the value of each day's work in food & clothing. The children are instructed; the money which is spent on these objects, in the first place is regarded as a loan, when they repay which, the land is their own, & they are free to do what they like with it; & many of them now have little farms with comfortable houses & gardens stocked with flowers & fruit trees. Thousands of pauper families have been rescued in this way, but the work is still carried on by a Society of Charity, & is not by any means self supporting.

One of the most interesting spots in Amsterdam, from the bustle displayed on it, is the Harbours & the Quay along the side of the J. There is a class of the population who live entirely upon the canal, making their vessels their home. In this and in many other respects the Dutch bear a strong resemblance to the Chinese: like that industrious & economical race, they keep their hogs, their ducks, & other domestic animals constantly on board. ~~Their cabins display the same~~

VIII.

## A Dutch Paradise.

Broek (pronounced Broosh), celebrated as the cleanest village in the world, is built on the border of a large pond; <sup>the inhabitants are</sup> respectable, well-to-do people, who have made their fortune & retired from business. Some of them are ~~later engaged in~~ <sup>engaged in</sup> the manufacture of those little round cheeses known all over the world as Dutch cheeses, a source of much wealth to North Holland.

There is neither horse nor cart-road through the place: the narrow passages which intersect it are paved with bricks or little stones set in patterns. The houses are mostly of wood, very scrupulously painted white & green, always fresh. But some people are said to keep painters in their houses all the year round. Almost all the houses glitter in the sun with roofs of polished tiles of different colours: one has a pasteboard looking front, intended to represent a temple, another is painted with such various colours as to call to mind the drop scene of a theatre; all vie with one another in extravagance & absurdities. Many of them are planted as usual at the edge of canals, & are approached by plank bridges.

A true Sleepy Hollow is Broek; not a soul



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Soul is to be seen in the narrow streets; not a door or window is uncleaned; the very steps leading up to the front doors are removed, as if there were never to be entered again. The fact is, the good people of Brock do their out-door cleaning long before Carier folk are astir in the morning. Their windows, their doors, their walls, their steps, the very bunks of their trees, the pebbles which form their paths are brought to a high polish; never a cobweb, smear or speck of dust remains upon the face of Brock, & then the housewives retire in doors & are seen no more till next sunrise.

Another cause why the streets are so still, is that the windows next the street & the front doors are never opened save for the entrance of a bride, or the exit of a corpse for burial.

Rounded at the back, there are more signs of life: before every ~~in the~~ house is a collection of shoes & sabots; you must walk in in your stocking feet, in slippers if you have them, but no deceleration from out of doors must ~~enter~~ cross the threshold: even the emperor Alexander, on visiting <sup>the village</sup> Brock ~~was obliged to do as~~ <sup>did</sup> Brock does.

The closed door in every house leads to an apartment which is only opened <sup>once</sup>

once a week by the housewife herself, who enters with her maid, bearing scrubbing brushes & brushes: then, the shutters are unfastened the walls & the floor are scoured, the china cups & tea-pots under which every ledge & shelf stands, are scrupulously dusted, the stove is polished, the furniture is polished, then, once again, doors & shutters are closed not to be opened till that day week-unless, indeed, a wedding should be forward.

As for the cows, they budge better than poor people do with us - whether they like it ~~though~~ <sup>above</sup> is another question; for every stall is a hok, ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup> cow's tail is tied to this hok in the ceiling, lest she should dangle it in the dirt & besmear her comely sides! As for dirt, though, where is it to be found? The pavement is of shining Dutch tiles, & the walls, of deal boards, white & smooth as a kitchen table: to be sure a gutter runs from end to end of the stable, & here the refractory tail might gather deposit. Then the garden - such pavilions & arbours & temples & bridges, pagodas & toy-houses of every conceivable shape



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as never was seen before! Never was  
toy - shop so amusing: You may come  
upon a Swiss cottage in which a man  
sits smoking his pipe, & his wife sits  
opposite, spinning - but he is a wooden  
man & she is a wooden woman; a  
wooden dog barks at the entrance, a  
wooden soldier stands ready to shoot  
you: pasteboard swans, ducks &  
mermaids swim about the ponds.

(unfinished)